

Theology vol 80.

WAYS and MEANS to pay TAXES

And be HAPPY.

A S E R M O N

Preached at ST. DUNSTAN's Church, STEPNEY,
on SUNDAY SEPTEMBER the 15th, 1784. And at the
NEW CHAPEL in KENTISH TOWN, in the Parish
of ST. PANCRA'S, the SUNDAY following.

By the Rev. ISAAC HUNT, M. A.
Of the Colleges of PHILADELPHIA and NEW YORK. *K*

The wise man's eyes are in his head.

ECCLESIASTES, c. ii. v. 14.

L O N D O N :

WAYS and MEANS to pay TAXES

And be HAPPY.

A S E R M O N

Preached at S. T. DUNSTON'S Church, STEPHENY.

on SUNDAY SEPTEMBER the 15th, 1784. And at the

NEW CHAPEL, WENTWORTH TOWN, in the Parish

of S. PANCRAAS, Sunday following.



By the Rev. ISAAC HUNT, M. A.

Of the College of Philadelphia and New York.

TO JAMES HENRY LEIGH, Esq.

S I R,

THERE can be no impropriety in addressing the following discourse to a Gentleman, whose life is a fair example of the duties it recommends. An intimate personal acquaintance assures me that you will excuse the liberty of this dedication. Convinced as I am that your inclinations tend to perfect the rectitude which your education has begun, I cannot but breathe a fervent wish, that you may long and happily dignify your rank, and live in the affections of your numerous friends and noble relations.

Believe me to be,

S I R,

With the utmost respect,

And affection,

Your most obliged,

And very humble servant,

SOUTHGATE,

ISAAC HUNT.

September the 18th, 1784.

TO JAMES HENRY LEIGH, Esq.

SIR,

There can be no impropriety in addressing the following letter to a Gentleman, whose life is a fair example of the duties of a gentleman. An intimate personal acquaintance assures me that you will excuse the liberty of this dedication. Convinced as I am that your inclinations tend to perfect the virtues which your education has begun, I cannot but breathe a fervent wish, that you may long and happily distinguish your rank, and live in the affections of your numerous friends and noble relations.

Believe me to be,

SIR,

With the warmest respects,

And affection,

Your most obliged,

And very humble servant,

ISAAC HUNT.

ECCLESIASTES, Chapter ii. verse 14.

The wise man's eyes are in his head.

THE revolutions of great empires are subjects of grandeur and sublimity. They fill the minds of men with conceptions of invifible and infinite power. They lead us to Providence and to God. They wean our affections from the leffer and unimportant cares of life, and direct our meditations to the throne of infinite mercy and omnipotence. It is from that throne the chafening hand is outftretched, it is thence that every good and every perfect gift cometh.

The conclusion of a tedious war, though an event moft defirable to thofe who remain, is, nevertheless, a fource of painful recollection. The tears of the widow and the fatherlefs flow afrefh on every remembrance. Many fond circumftances awaken the memory of departed worth. Thousands have found an untimely grave, who fhall be remembered with forrow many a diftant year. They lived in honour and in valour, and as they lived they died. May they be the laft victims to the animofity of civil war! May peace fhed its influence o'er every kingdom, and may what is paff be a guide to efcape thofe rocks on which we have fatally fplit.

Myfelf an exile from my native land, I cannot but review the revolution that has juft paffed with a mixture of grief and aftonifhment.

There was a time when my hopes were hopes of peace and retirement from the bustling world, when my wish was to end my days among the friends, whom habits of intimacy had endeared to me. The time was when a disunion between countries allied by Religion and Language seemed impracticable, and when their mutual communications were productive of mutual happiness. But that time is past my hopes and my wishes ended in disappointment, and a refuge in the munificence of this country was my only resource. Here I have long tasted the sweets of national generosity, unabated by the calamities of war, uninfluenced by the degeneracy of the age. To this hospitable Isle Providence guided my steps, and it is not less duty than gratitude, which renders its interest precious to me*. On an occasion, like the

* Among the many, who, in the late unhappy dissensions, adhered to what they deemed the most righteous cause--an attachment to the Laws in being and the *Sovereignty* of their *Monarch*, I was one. A space of upwards of three thousand miles distance from the throne, and a knowledge, that such distance together with the total want of relationship or intercourse with those, who, from their rank and proximity of situation surround the throne, must, on this occasion, stamp disinterestedness on the *decided and steady* conduct of the greater part, if *not all*, of the *American Loyalists*. To be disinterested is to be pure. And the purity of my intentions (the good natured reader will pardon the egotism, I speak not of myself, but to do honour to my worthy Benefactors) was the only recommendation, which I saved from the wreck of all my little fortunes in my own country to bring into this land. It was a recommendation that the Lord blessed.

Happy, indeed, is it for the unfortunate exiles from the revolted colonies, that they were not driven into a Babylonish captivity.---They are not reduced to mourn their misfortunes in silence, to hang up their harps on the willows, or to be insulted with the taunts of the authors of their captivity, requiring of them to be merry, and to sing the songs of Zion in a strange land. Thanks to the supreme disposer of human events, and to the humanity, the liberality of Britons, this Island received us with open arms, as our common mother Country, enabling us with gratitude even to sing the songs of Zion in a distant, though not a strange land. The banks of the Thames re-echo the grateful notes with a complacency that silences the voice of regret at the distance of our beloved soil, and the once resounding shores of the Delaware.

present,

present, so soon after the public Thanksgiving for the late Peace, I cannot but embrace the opportunity of reconciling the minds of men to the situation of the country, and preaching the means of happiness and contentment amidst the murmurs of the avaricious, the ridicule of the vain, and the madness of the profligate. Let them enjoy their favourite vices and prepossessions, they walk in darkness like the fool, *but the wise man's eyes are in his head.*

The popular cry of the day is after happiness. To that all our projects and schemes are directed.—But where is this happiness to be found?—Is it in the selfish enjoyments of the avaricious? Is it in the perishable pleasures of the profligate? Is it in the ambitious designs of the wealthy and the powerful? Is it to be found in the levity of youth, or in monastic austerity?—Is it to be found in the bustle of the world, or in hermetical solitude?—In warmth of affection, or in apathy of soul?—No—It is to be found only in the breast of that man whose God is Lord over all, whose King is the King of Kings, and whose comfort is placed beyond the reach of worldly tyranny, or the grasp of worldly interest.—He is the man, who shall ascend unto the hill of God, and who looks down with contempt on the mean pursuits of men, who add to the depravity of their nature by the corruption of their abilities.

Perhaps no men are so unhappy as they, who are continually complaining of hardships in their situation, and who, nevertheless, have every worldly comfort within their reach,—they who are rich in every earthly possession, yet poor and miserable in the enjoyment of them,—they whose unbounded passions lead them to aspire to superiority above their situation, and to dominion above their power,—they who feel for them-

selves

selves but consider the whole human race as born to gratify their ceaseless desires. Such are the miserable, the captious, and the fretful. Their narrow minds and contracted selfishness leave them at the mercy of every untoward incident. They have no sources of satisfaction within themselves. If every man looked within himself, instead of consulting the opinion of a degenerated world, he would find infinite sources of happiness.—He would find a soul capable of great perfection. He would find a system of faculties which are improveable to the latest hour of life, and the improvement of which adds as much to our felicity, as the neglect of mental culture levels us with the misery, the ignorance, and the insignificance of brutes.

Bound as I am by the ties of gratitude, of religion, and of duty to the welfare of this country, what doctrine can I inculcate with more propriety than that you ought to study, as far as in you lies, to make yourselves happy, to reconcile the distresses of your country and your situation*, and to teach the world that a Christian can hold up the principles

* Those, who have perused the ingenious but delusive arguments held out in a late pamphlet on emigration to America, will be convinced that it is the peculiar duty of all who know that country to prevent any from hazarding their fortunes and property upon the most uncertain of all plans.---

" I have long observed, (says a very sensible writer) and much enjoyed, the felicity of being a Briton. Great Britain is the FIRST COUNTRY IN THE WORLD, and the God of nature has stored it with every thing that can make its inhabitants happy. Its insular situation, the extent and figure of its coasts, the islands that surround it, its springs, waters, and navigable rivers, its timbers, fruits, herbs, corn, and all other productions of its luxuriant soil, its immense treasures of earths, salts, fossils, minerals, stone, marble, and fuel, its animals, wild and tame, flocks, herds, hives, dairies, poultry, fisheries, decoys, the stately horse, and the hardy ass, all ministering to the subsistence and pleasure of its inhabitants, the stature, genius, fecundity and longevity of its natives, the temperature of its climate, in one word, the natural advantages of Great Britain render it, upon the

ciples of a Christian in opposition to all the fatalities that light on kingdoms, and all the events that disturb the minds of thoughtless men. You are but strangers on this earth, you are but sojourners in this land of trial, and the voice of wisdom calls upon you to show yourselves men in the day of affliction, and firm believers in him, who chastens

the whole, the **MOST BEAUTIFUL AND DESIRABLE COUNTRY IN THE WORLD.** The whole is a **RICH PRESENT**, which the bounty of Providence has bestowed upon us.

I have observed, with the utmost pleasure, the art and industry of my countrymen assisting nature. Agriculture, architecture, navigation, commerce, literature, arts, sciences, in endless varieties give grace and elegance to this **LOVELY ISLAND.** Who can behold cities full of inhabitants, artists and manufacturers employed in thousands, shops thronged with customers, warehouses full of stores and goods, markets and fairs exposing plenty at our doors, roads, rivers, fields, villages, mines, and sea-ports all alive; I ask, who can behold all these in his own native spot, and not exclaim, **MAY MY COUNTRY FLOURISH TO THE END OF TIME!**

I have received an addition to my pleasure, by understanding, that all the natural and artificial advantages of Great Britain are capable of great improvement, and I have been happy to see every year new advances towards national perfection. The forming new societies for improvement, the invention of new machines for facilitating labour, the inclosing of wastes, the making of roads, scouring rivers, cutting canals, draining fens, planting timber, importing foreign arts, books, grains, grasses, animals, all these, and a thousand other amendments and inventions, convince us that we are not **YET ARRIVED AT OUR ZENITH**, and open a **FUTURE PROSPECT OF RATIONAL PLEASURE AND JOY.**

My pleasure has been increased, by observing the happy constitution of our government. Our mixed monarchy contains all the excellencies, and provides against the evils of the three sorts of government, of which it is compounded. It is, indeed, a human composition, and therefore, like every other human production, imperfect, and liable to degenerate. Its excellence does not lie in any one of its component parts, but in a nice union of the three, which union is then perfect, when it prevents any one from preponderating, and rendering the other two subservient to itself.

chastens whom he loves. The God that rules above best knows how to measure out your afflictions. He does nothing without a fixed purpose, and the many distresses, which some of you may now reckon misfortunes will in a little time appear the kindly dispensations of Providence.

The wise man's eyes are in his head—The wise man thinketh of others as well as of himself—He considereth himself as a link in a great chain, each link of which must be made subservient to the strength and firmness of the whole. The wise man has no views that are not extensive beyond his own concerns. The wise man hath a sympathetic feeling with all his fellow-creatures, for his *voice is to the sons of men*. In the present situation of public affairs, the duty of a MAN is to bear his *light afflictions which are for a moment* with fortitude, and the duty of a CHRISTIAN is to look with calmness on every dispensation of Providence, and to bless the wonderful, though invisible hand that stretches over the whole human race. It is the chastisement of a parent.—It is the kindly admonition of a friend.

My pleasure has risen higher still, by observing what innumerable benefits flow from both the justice and the generosity of this happy kingdom. We have a system of law universally administered, that holds the life, liberty and property of every individual sacred, and a long train of well-contrived and effective charities, consisting of schools, hospitals, public provisions for all the wants and all the maladies, to which mankind in the several stages of life are exposed. To crown all, the religion of our country is christianity, the last best gift of God to man. All these advantages put together, afford an abundance of felicity, sufficient to satiate the most benevolent soul; and, whether it be ignorance or knowledge, virtue or vice, religion or enthusiasm, certain I am, observing these advantages of the land of my nativity, has given me inexpressible pleasure, and has made BRITAIN APPEAR A PARADISE TO ME. Who that loves his species can help forming the most ardent wishes for the prosperity of this country? Who can help saying, *Blessed is he that blesteth thee.*

Robinson's Plan Lectures, fifth Edit. Pref.

You may complain perhaps that your burthens increase, that neither war nor peace tends to alleviate your afflictions,—that your taxes are greater in number and value than your trade can admit of,—that the number of bankruptcies which surround you are terrifying to a cautious mind, and that your situation in this kingdom is distressing beyond measure, and that you might be happier in any other part of the world—But do not deceive yourselves—Happiness is not the property of any one part of the globe—It is not the accompaniment of trade in any one part of the world in preference to another. You enjoy blessings *here* which you can scarcely *dare* to think of in other kingdoms. You serve your King without fear—you serve your God without controul—you are free to think of your King as of a man of like passions and affections with yourselves—and you are free to serve your God according to the genuine dictates of your conscience. You have no restraint upon the *conscience* which is the medium betwixt you and God—you have no restraint upon your integrity which is the connection betwixt you and your fellow creatures—you may think as your judgment and your heart dictates—You may speak as occasion presents itself—and in action, you have liberty to do boundless deeds of goodness,—to live in the purity of a Christian, and die in his peace.

But yet, to join in some measure in your complaints, I will allow that you are taxed to a great degree; that the luxuries are not more the objects of public assessment than the necessaries of life—Yet, in a case like this, *the wise man's eyes are in his head*—He weighs attentively the circumstances of his case. He listens to the calls of *Interest*, to the calls of *Patriotism*, and to the calls of *Piety*. He considers not himself as one, who is born to make *himself only happy, at the expence of his nation*. He forgets the demands of lawless passion, of mean sensuality

lity and of despicable *avarice*:—He considers himself as a member of a great community, whose happiness he is to promote, and as a traveller on a road with many passengers *whose* convenience is at the same time *his own*.

“Yet, says one,” I have been very industrious in my time—I have amassed considerable wealth,—I have studied to live well with my neighbours,—I have served my friends,—and I bear a reputable character with my trade. It is very hard that I should be obliged to forego all these advantages, merely because this or that great statesman chuses to tax every commodity in which I deal”——Well,—Sir, reason thus as you please, and, if you can, reconcile this reasoning with your own feelings, but *remember*, that the Christian’s duty leads to far different conclusions. *Jesus Christ* worked a miracle to satisfy the demands of the earthly government under which *He* lived—*You* will not employ the common means of redress—*Jesus Christ* overturned the course of nature, that he might render unto Cæsar that which was Cæsars—*You* will not employ the most easy and compatible endeavours to fulfill your character as a good Citizen and a Patriot. *Jesus Christ* though *God himself*, set a pattern for the children of men—*You* though a rich man, scorn to contribute your mite to save the state. *Jesus Christ* though sent to promote the eternal salvation of mankind, thought it no degradation to promote the temporal interest of the government under which he lived—*You*, though the safety of your kingdom depends upon it, are too selfish to sacrifice the superfluities of your fortune.

That the nation is heavily burthened, that the nation has suffered greatly by the late unhappy divisions is most true, but in such a case are we to despair?—No—Despair is neither becoming the Briton nor the

the Christian. Blessed be God we are in the land of the living, and in the place of hope.—Let us not doubt, but that we shall see better days! Let us, in the mean time, live as if each of us had the management of the state! Let us be *wise, virtuous, and prudent in ourselves*, and we will thereby give wisdom, virtue, and prudence to our national character. Let us not injure our tempers, and become melancholy from inactivity. Let us rouse from the lethargy of *vice and extravagance*, and *bestir ourselves* as best becomes those who would live happily on the fruits of *industry**.

Are you worse than other nations? Are you more oppressed? Are you more uneasy in every possible situation?—No—Look to the despotism of foreign countries.—See some of them bound in the fetters of tyranny

* *Fas est ab hoste doceri.*

“It would be thought a hard government that should tax it's people one tenth part of their time, to be employed in it's service: But idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the used key is always bright, as Poor Richard says. But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of, as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that the sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave, as Poor Richard says.

If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be, as Poor Richard says, the greatest prodigality; since as he elsewhere tells us, Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough. Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence we shall do more with less perplexity. Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee; and early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise, as Poor Richard says.

tyranny and superstition.—See others, torn and racked by intestine divisions.—See others the prey of famine, war, and, pestilence—Then, return to your own country and compare it. A land of liberty and commerce;—

So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better, if we bestir ourselves. Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hope will die fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help hands, for I have no lands, or, if I have, they are smartly taxed.----He that hath a trade, hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honour, as Poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes.----If we are industrious we shall never starve; for, at the working man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter. Nor will the Bailiff or the Constable enter, for industry pays debts, while despair increases them. What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plow deep, while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn for to sell and to keep. Work while it is called to day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. One to-day is worth two to-morrows, as Poor Richard says; and farther, Never leave that till to-morrow, which you can do to day. If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king. Handle your tools without mittens, remember, that the cat in gloves catches no mice, as Poor Richard says. It is true, there is much to be done, and, perhaps you are weak handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for constant dropping wears away stones; and by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks."

"Methinks I hear some of you say, must a man afford himself no leisure? I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says, employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour. Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labour, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock; whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. Fly pleasures, and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift, and now I have a sheep and a cow, every body bids me good-morrow."

Preface of an old Pennsylvanian Almanack, intituled, Poor Richard Improved,
published by Dr. Franklin.

commerce;—a land where a good man has the quiet enjoyment of his religion and his God, and where he walks in safety protected by wise laws; let his opinions and modes of life be what they may, there are none to molest him. The means of happiness and knowledge are within his reach, and he has wherewithal to add greatness to goodness. Honest emulation is not checked by the envy of the powerful, and merit of every kind, if rewarded at all, is best rewarded in *Old England*.

I would not thus dwell upon the subject of national grievances, did I not frequently perceive that complaints on that head are very ill founded.—I hear many murmur, who have no persons to blame but themselves. Too idle to work and ruined by dissipation, they seek for relief in reiterated complainings of the fall of their nation, not considering that nations fall like individuals, and that they, and such as they, are the instruments of the downfall of nations, by sapping the very foundations of it's strength. From such prospects, however, let us turn our eyes, to enquire whether there be not certain means by which we may mend our situations without murmuring against the powers that be, and by which we may be enabled to live in happiness and contentment.

On this subject, permit your Preacher, in the first place, to recommend *Industry*. Industry is the source of power and greatness to nations, and of competence and wealth to individuals*. It is

* All that live must be subsisted. Subsistence costs something. He that is industrious, produces by his industry, something that is an equivalent, and pays for his subsistence; he is therefore no charge or burden to society. The indolent are an expence uncompensated. There can be no doubt but all kinds of employment that can be followed without prejudice from interruptions; work that

an activity that promotes health, and preserves the faculties entire. It creates chearfulness of mind, and promotes the pleasing purposes of society. When you find yourselves discontented, and fatigued from a round of debilitating amusements, look at the ruddy and healthy plowman, look to his industry and his home, you will there find peace and plenty, you will hear no murmurs there. You will find that his heart, as well as his temporal happiness, is promoted by an activity and diligence that set him above want.

Next to Industry, let me recommend *Frugality*. Without this your industry will be but the handmaid to your vices, and with it you will soon arrive at such independence as will enable you to do deeds of benevolence, and display a christian munificence to all around you.

can be taken, up and laid down, often in a day, without damage; (such as spinning, knitting, weaving, &c.) are highly advantageous to a community; because, in them may be collected all the produce of those fragments of time, that occur in family-business, between the constant and necessary parts of it, that usually occupy females; as the time between rising and preparing for breakfast, between breakfast and preparing for dinner, &c. &c. The amount of all these fragments, is, in the course of a year, very considerable to a single family; to a state proportionably. Highly profitable therefore it is, in this case also, to follow that divine direction, *gather up the fragments that nothing be lost*. Lost time is lost subsistence; it is therefore, lost treasure.

Hereby in several families, many yards of linnen have been produced from the employment of those fragments only, in one year, though such families were just the same in number as when not so employed.

It was an excellent saying of a certain Chinese Emperor, *I will, if possible, have no idleness in my dominions; for if there be one man idle, some other man must suffer cold or hunger*. We take this Emperor's meaning to be, that the labour due to the public by each individual, not being performed by the indolent, must naturally fall to the share of others, who must thereby suffer.

Political fragments supposed to be written by Dr. Franklin.

For this purpose, therefore, when you are inclined to raise your voice against the necessary burthens of the nation, reflect with yourself, whether you do not indulge in many expensive enjoyments, which, if refrained from, you might be enabled to bear your burthens with ease. Retrench your unnecessary expences, and throw the money thus saved into a kind of fund. You will find it increase, for few would believe the immense sums they squander in the course of a year upon luxuries, that add nothing to their happiness, but, on the contrary, injure their health, and consume their fortunes*.

* We must be frugal, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. A fat kitchen makes a lean will; and

Many estates are spent in the getting

Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,

And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.

If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.

Away then with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for

Women and wine, game and deceit,

Make the wealth small, and the want great.

And further, what maintains one vice, would bring up two children. You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, cloaths a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, many a little makes a mickle. Beware of little expences; a small leak will sink a great ship, as Poor Richard says.

Dr. Franklin's Poor Richard Improved.

Yet it is a painful thing to the worldly man to relinquish his enjoyments, and turn œconomist. To such a man may we not thus address ourselves.

“ You say you cannot part with your favourite vices.—You must indulge in the pleasures of the bottle, because your friends say you are *an honest hearty fellow*.—You must visit the haunts of prostitution, because it gives *an air of gallantry*.—You must move in a circle of never ending expence, because you thereby become *a man of the world*.—You cannot possibly refrain from these things.—The world would laugh at you, your friends would call you mad.—They would call you methodist, or say that you had lost your senses, and needed a straight Jacket.—Poor afflicted man! you merit pity, for it is hard thus to be obliged by your friends to do the very thing you have the greatest possible inclination for.—Your friends did not surely drive you into these courses, then why blame them for offering to detain you?—That last bottle of wine, for instance, you called for it yourself,—no one else partook of it,—the company were departed,—you drank more, and you became inebriated. Next morning, when we remonstrate with you, you tell us your friends drove you on to the last glass.—That game of cards too, by which you lost five hundred pounds, which would have done more than paid the taxes of two years,—you had no inducement to play that game;—you might have withheld, if you had pleased, the table was complete without you.—But no—you must, forsooth, shew your skill in contracting *debts of honour*, as the only true and modern way of putting it out of your power ever to do *DEEDS of honour*.—Well, Sir, now that you have enjoyed this career of pleasures, how are you rewarded for all this?—You have taken infinite pains to accomplish yourself as a man of the world.—Night and day you have laboured in this great undertaking

and what is the consequence of all this?—The consequences are delightful; the charms of aches and agonies.—The pleasing reflections of an awakened conscience.—The agreeable interruptions of disease.—O! there is a pleasure in the tortures which follow a course of dissipation,—and duns, bailiffs, and arrests are the most diverting things in the world.—Believe me, Sir, when you come to die your most painful reflection will be, that you must give an account of your losses and gains by your profligacy, and that you are to answer for the many years you have consumed in unmeaning and unsatisfactory pleasures. Your eyes will then be open to the folly of your conduct, and however you may strive to forget the past actions of your life, be assured they are recorded in a place where one day you must read them. Conscience then will make you a coward, but it will leave you your recollection.—And what are all your pleasurable enjoyments if this is to be the consequence?—What is your existence, if it is to end thus?—In time, therefore, remember that you are a man.—Remember that you must die.—Remember that you must live again in eternal bliss or misery. Consult your rational nature, and disregard your sensual interest. Look to religion as the source of happiness, and to worldly satisfactions as the temptations of the enemy of mankind.—But to return.

Æconomy, therefore, is an essential requisite in order to live comfortably under a government, the exigencies of which are urgent. You may by *æconomy* be enabled to discharge your duty as a good citizen, as a generous friend, and as a provident father. Whenever you find yourself inclined to make a purchase, ask yourself whether you really want such and such an article*.—If you find yourself inclined to spend your

* "It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance."

your time in public houses, ask yourself, if you would not be better at your own fire side, in the company of your family and friends. There is no advantage, you may be assured, in drinking, in habitual soaking. It hurts the constitution, and gives you gout, dropsy, and a long train of

of the back, have gone with a hungry belly, and half starv'd their families; "Silks and fattins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire," as Poor Richard says. These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be call'd the conveniencies; and yet only because they look pretty, how many want to have them: By these, and other extravagancies, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despis'd, but who, through industry and frugality have maintain'd their standing; in which case it appears plainly, that "a plowman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees," as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think "It is day, and will never be night;" that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but "Always taking out of the meal tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom," as Poor Richard says, and then when the well is dry they know the worth of water." But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice.----If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing, as Poor Richard says; and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it again----Poor Dick further advises, and says,

"Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse,

"Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse."

And again, "Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy." When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it." And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell, in order to equal the ox.

"Vessels large may venture more,

"But little boats should keep near shore."

It is however, a folly soon punish'd; for, as Poor Richard says, "Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt; pride breakfasted with plenty, din'd with poverty, and supped with infamy." And, after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risk'd, so much is suffered? it cannot promote health or ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person, it creates envy, it hastens misfortune."

of diseases, which the human strength can hardly bear.—Observe those men who do not indulge in such practices.—You do not find them less happy for it,—less rich, less healthy—No—if you want to see misery, chagrin, want and disease; look at those, who would rather part with their right hand than not be able to hand the glass to their head, and who never shine to such advantage, as when bowls of liquor are before them.

In

But what madness must it be to run in debt for these superfluities? When you run in debt, you give to another, power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor pitiful sneaking excuses, and by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base downright lying; for, the second vice is lying, the first is running in debt," as poor Poor Richard says; and again, to the same purpose, "Lying rides upon debt's back;" whereas a free born Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or to speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright;" what would you think of that Prince, or of that government, who should issue an edict, forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government, tyrannical! And yet you are about to put yourself under that tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in a gaol for life, or by selling you for a servant, if you should not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard says "Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times." The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepar'd to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seem'd so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short: Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. "Those have a short Lent, who owe money to be paid at Easter." At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but

For age and want save while you may,
No morning sun lasts a whole day.

In your efforts to become economical, beware of the opposite extreme.—Pray with the wise man, for *neither poverty nor riches*, but for an *humble competence*. Set not your affections on wealth so as to hoard it up from the calls of *benevolence* and *generosity*. While you increase your wealth in this manner, you corrupt your hearts and defile your understanding. You incur the contempt and hatred of men. And to what purpose is it that you endeavour to secrete your riches from your fellow creatures, from goodness under oppression, and from neglected merit? You have built you houses, you have accumulated interest upon interest,—your wealth is so great, and so greatly increasing, that you can scarcely count your bags:—Yet are these satisfactions permanent? No—*thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, and then whose shall these things be?* And how can he render up his soul to God, whose time and attention have been wasted on the body only.

Steering clear, then, between the extremes of extravagance and avarice, you will soon have acquired the means of living comfortably. You will have no occasion to murmur at the demands of a Financier. You will have no occasion to join those bankrupt profligates, who, in all ages, make the good of the state, as they call it, subservient to their own ambitious ends.

Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever while you live, expence is constant and certain, and it is easier to build two chimnies, than to keep one in fuel, as Poor Richard says: So rather go to bed supperless, than rise in debt.

Get what you can, and what you get hold,

'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.

And when you have got the philosopher's stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes."

But

- But above all, cultivate *habits of piety and virtue*. Without these, your wealth, your industry, your respectability in life are nothing. They are worse than nothings, for they will gail and torment you, when you come to reflect that they have been the main objects of your affection, and that to them you have sacrificed the duties of a Christian and a virtuous man. Be assured, that the prevailing impiety of the day is ill calculated to promote even *temporal happiness*. A succession of gay delights wins upon the imagination. The applause of flattering friends, and the consequence which wealth and power give, seem to render you independent of piety. But miserable comforters are they, when the gripe of calamity makes us shrink into despair and confusion. Despise not, therefore, the admonitions which our Holy Religion presents. Let not the arm of the Lord be revealed in vain. *There is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repents.* Begin therefore, that important work, while you enjoy health and strength, *before the evil days draw nigh, in which you shall say, I have no pleasure in them.* Trust not to the leisure you will have to seek God, when you come to die. The agonies of a death bed sickness, the melancholy reflections on parting with much loved friends, are enough to distract the firmest mind at that awful period. And how dreadful, how inexpressibly dreadful is his situation, who is awakened from the happiness and the delights of the world, only to look back with remorse, and forward with trembling?—*Let the wicked, therefore, forsake his way; and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.*

On youth the duties of piety are particularly incumbent; and think not, my young friends, that piety will diminish your pleasures, or abridge the comforts of life. On the contrary, it heightens every pleasure,

pleasure, by placing it on a solid foundation, and adds to every comfort, by leading you to the giver of every good.—Nor is piety less incumbent upon you, at your promising age than upon old men.—Your youth, your beauty, and your gaiety cannot avert the hand of death.—*There is an appointed time for all men once to die, and that time no man knoweth.*—Let not your affections be betrayed into the haunts of guilty pleasure.

Amid the roses,

Fierce repentance rears its horrid crest.”

You cannot by deeper draughts of the intoxicating cup, prevent reflection from tormenting you. Cultivate then every sensibility that leads to purity of life and manners; and do not attempt to over-master nature, and transform the mildness of your disposition into an impious ferocity, that defies the laws of man, and the attacks of conscience. If you wish to know the true value of unlawful pleasures and mean pursuits, in which you have, perhaps, employed too much of your time and strength; if you wish to know what it is that is wanting to make you happy,—go to your hearts,—knock there,—and ask yourselves, whether there be one hour of all you have wasted, on which you can now look back with satisfaction?—ask yourselves, whether all your enjoyments have not been *vanity*, and all their consequence *vexation of spirit*?

—However you may pride yourselves on the fashionable pleasures that seize upon the imagination; however you may pride yourselves upon health and strength, upon the applause of the world, the pomp of power, the independence of riches, and the unthinking delights of high life, the hour is fast approaching when you will require consolations of a much superior kind, the hour is fast approaching, when you will discover that all the objects of your attention are not less perishable than mean and
useless,

useless, they leave a sting behind, and pollute all the sources of comfort. At that hour, *you will say of laughter, it is madness, and of mirth, what doeth it?*

If you are desirous of pleasure, pursue the pleasure of doing good, and of serving God. If you are desirous of riches, seek for those which are incorruptible. If you would enjoy happiness, seek for that which knows no end; and if calamity oppresses you, turn your affections towards that mansion, where sorrow and sighing are unknown, and where God will wipe away all tears from your eyes.—Consider your God, as a friend in every respect. The poor man and the oppressed are his care,—he is a father to the fatherless, a husband to the widow, and the orphan's stay, and he has assured you, that they who seek him early shall find him. Amidst the greatest difficulties, he will fill your hearts with joy and gladness. Though the Heaven and Heaven of Heavens cannot contain him, yet he humbleth himself to dwell in our souls by his Holy Spirit.

View the pious Christian on his death bed! With what a smiling serenity he expects his approaching dissolution. Death has no terrors for him; the grave hath lost its victory. *He knows that his Redeemer liveth, and that he shall see him as he is.* With pity, he looks on the world which he is about to leave, and comforts his weeping friends with the consolation, that they must assuredly meet again in a world, where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain.—After having performed the duties of a good citizen, and a lover of peace; hear him regretting that his scanty abilities have been ill proportioned to his wishes to have served his King and Country. Even in the hour of death, he feels for the distresses of his country.

convinced that he is taken away from the evil days that are to come. Then view his superior transports on considering, that he is now entering on the possession of an inheritance incorruptible and full of glory. To use the words of an elegant writer *—*See in what peace a Christian can die.* He is to pass from temporal death to a life of endless happiness. He is to see his God, not darkly, as through a glass, but face to face, to behold his MAJESTY, the MAJESTY of the MOST HIGH; he is to praise him in the company of angels and saints. His future enjoyments fade not away. They last through eternity, that incomprehensible idea. It is higher than Heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell, what canst thou know?—It is beyond the imagination of a man to conceive: Yet this we know, it is happiness which is inexpressible, and which shall endure for ever and ever.

Has the ambitious man thought of Heaven?—And is he yet ambitious of earthly honours?—Does he not know, that they perish, and become insignificant, even in the very enjoyment?—Is his mind so narrow, his ideas so contracted, that he is ambitious of ribbons, stars, garters, glittering toys, empty titles, and short-lived honours? It is a pitiful ambition that comprehends only human life. It is a despicable honour, that may be blasted with the breath of man.—

Has the rich man thought of Heaven?—And does he yet cling to the dust of the earth?—Has he thought of Immortality, and does he yet worship the mammon of unrighteousness?

Has the Politician thought of Heaven? And does he still serve his King more than his God?

Has the Infidel found out a better system of happiness, than that which shall last for ever? He denies his God. Has he found another?

Are the pleasures of the profligate more permanent, more solid, more rational than those of Religion? No—for they bring with them pain, remorse, and death. My soul, come not thou into their secret! Unto their assembly mine honour be not thou united!

While, my friends, you hear the murmurs of the discontented with their situation; while you hear them complaining of their governors, and uttering complaints against the times, reflect with yourselves on the futility of such conduct. Consult your reason. Does it not point out to you, that you ought to promote your happiness in such a manner as is consistent with *peace, innocence, and health*?—And under what government are you more at liberty to seek happiness where it is really to be found—in religion, in the countenance and favour of God, reconciled by the death and mediation of the Redeemer of mankind. Despise then the vexations and troubles, that torment the minds of selfish men; show yourselves above them. Display the fortitude of an aspiring soul, a soul that glances from earth to heaven, and in the darkness of calamity as well as the sun-shine of prosperity, sees and makes towards the habitations of the just. That is true wisdom. The shortness and uncertainty of life are arguments against overweening fondness for the things of it. They are not worth contending for, while the glorious objects, *eternal happiness and peace* are held out to us. Be ever ready to meet your God, for in such an hour as ye think not, your souls may be required of you.

May heavenly peace and happiness be your portion; and may the hopes of them comfort and support you on your dying pillow! You will need them *most* when the world can afford you *least*, and they who worship their God in spirit and in truth will experience his goodness *most* at that awful hour; *when the goodness of God, through the merits of Jesus Christ, is all that men can trust to.*

WILL, my friend; you have the advantage of the enlightened and their situation; while you have the blessing of their government and their conduct. I am sure you will find it not point out to you, that you ought to be as they are in such a manner as is consistent with your duty and what you are to do. You are to be as they are in the conduct of your life, in the exercise of the duties of mankind. Do this then the virtues and graces that adorn the minds of these men; show yourselves worthy of them. Do this the virtues of an enlightened and virtuous man; and in the darkness of ignorance as well as the lamplight of property, let all men see the light of the truth. That is true wisdom. The virtues and graces of the soul are arguments against overcoming passions for the things of it. They are not worth contending for, while the things of God are to be had. Let us then be held out to us. Let us be as your God, for in such an hour as ye think not, your souls may be in danger.

